Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and VVilliam of *Cloudesle*.

Adam Bell. William Clim of the Clough.

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(5)
Inf. Ridicularia
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Adam Bell.

MErry it was in the gréene forest,
among the leaues gréene:
Whereas men hunt East & west,
with bowes and arrowes béene.
To raise the Déere out of their den,
such sights haue oft béene séene,
As by thrée yeoman of the North Country,
by them it is I meane.
The one of them hight Adem Bell,
another Clim of the Clough:
The third was William of Cloudesle,
an Archer good enough.
They were out-lawed for Venison,
these yeomen euery chone:
They swore them brethren on a day,
to English wood for to gone.
Now lithe and listen Gentlemen,
that of mirth loueth to heare:
Two of them single men,
the third had a wedded fere.
William was the wedded man,
much more then was his care:
He said to his brethren on a day,
to Carlile he would fare.
There to speake with faire Alice his wife,
and with his children thrée:
By my troth said Adam Bell,
not by the counsell of mée.
For if we go to Carlile brother,
and from this wild wood wend,
If that the Justice do you take,
your life is at an end.

If that I come not to morrow brother,
by prime to you againe:
Trust you then that I am taken,
or else that I am slaine.
He toke his leaue of his brethren two,
and to Carlile he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne window,
shortly and anon.
Where be you faire Alice he said,
my wife and children three:
Lightly let in thy owne husband,
William of Cloudesle.
Alas then said faire Alice,
and sighed very sore:
This place hath béene beset for you,
full halfe a yere and more.
Now I am here said Cloudesle,
I would that in we were:
Now fetch vs meat and drinke enough,
and let vs make good chere.
She fetcht him meat and drinke plenty,
like a true wedded wife:
And pleased him with what she had,
whom she loued as her life.
There lay an old wife in the place,
a little before the fire:
Which William had found of charity,
more then seuen yere.
Vp she rose, and forth she goes,
euill might she speed therefore:
For she had set no foot on ground,
in seuen yeres before.
She went into the Iustice hall,
as fast as she could hye:
This night she said is come to towne.

William of Cloudesle.
Thereat the Justice was full faine,
and so the Sherriffe also:
Thou shalt not trauell hither for nought,
thy meed thou shalt haue ere thou goe.
They gaue to her a right good gowne,
of Scarlet it was I heard saine:
She tooke the gift and home she went,
and couched her downe againe.
They raised the towne of merry Carlile,
in all the haste they can:
And thronging fast vnto the house,
as fast as they might gan.
There they beset the good yeoman,
about on euery side:
William heard great noise of the folke,
that thither-ward fast hide.
Alice opened a backe window,
and loked all about:
She was ware of the Justice and Sheriffe,
and with them a great rout.
Alas treason, then cryed Alice,
euer woe may thou be:
Go into my chamber husband she said,
sweete William of Cloudesle.
He tooke his sword and his buckler,
his Bow, and children three:
And went into the strongest chamber,
where he thought surest to be.
Faire Alice like a Louer true,
with a Pollax in her hand:
Said, he shall dye that commeth in
this doore, while I may stand.
Cloudesle bent right good Bowes,
that was of a trusty tree:

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He smote the Justice on the brest,
that his arrow burst in three.
Gods curse of his heart said William,
this day thy coate did on.
If it had bene no better then mine,
it had bene nere the bone.
Yeld thee Cloudesle, said the Justice,
and thy bowe and thine arrowes thee fro:
Gods curse on his heart, said faire Alice,
that my husband counselleth so.
Set fire on the house said the Sheriffe,
sith no better it will bee:
And burne we therein William he saith,
his wife and children three.
They fired the house in many a place,
the fire flew on hie:
Alas then said faire Alice,
I see we here shall die.
William opened a backe window,
that was in his chamber hie:
And there with shafts he did let downe,
his wife and children three:
Have here my treasure said William,
my wife and children three:
For Christs love do them no harme,
but weake you all on mee.
William shot so wondrous well,
till his arrowes were all go:
And fire so fast about him fell,
that his bow-string brent in two.
The sparkles brent and fell upon,
good William of Cloudesle:
But then was he a wofull man,
and said, this is a Cowards death to me.
Lever had I said William,

With my sword in the rout to run:
Then here amongst mine enemies wood,
so cruelly to burne.
He take his sword and his buckler then,
and among them all he ran:
Where the people thickest were,
he smote downe many a man.
There might no man abide his strokes,
so fiercely on them he ran:
Then they threw windowes & doores on him,
and so take that yeoman.
There they him bound hand and fote,
and in a depe dungon him cast:
Now Cloudesle then said the Justice,
thou shalt be hanged in haste.
One bow shall I make said the Sheriffe,
a paire of new gallowes thou shalt haue,
And all the gates of Carlile shall be shut,
there shall no man come in thereat:
There shall not helpe Clim of the Clough,
nor yet Adam Bell.
Though they come with a thousand mo,
nay all the Diuels in hell.
Early in the morning the Justice arose,
to the gates fast gan he gone:
And commanded to shut close,
lightly euery chone.
Then went to the Market place,
as fast as he could hie:
A paire of new gallowes there did he set by,
beside the Pillory.
A little boy stood them among,
and askt what meant that gallow tre:
They said to hang a good yeoman,
called William of Cloudesle.

That

That little Boy was towne ſwine-heard,
and kept faire Alice ſwine:
Full oft he had ſéene Cloudeſle in the wood,
and gaue him there to dine.
He went out of a creuice of the wall,
and lightly to the wood he ron:
There met he with theſe wight ſome yeomen,
ſhortly and anon.
Alas then ſaid the little boy,
you tarry here all to long:
Cloudeſle is tane and bound to death,
and ready to be hangd.
Alas then ſaid good Adam Bell,
that euer we ſaw this day:
He might haue tarried here with vs,
ſo oft we did him pray.
He might haue dwelt in gréne Foreſt,
vnder theſe shadowes ſhéne:
And kept both him and vs at reſt,
out of all trouble and téene.
Adam bent a right good bowe,
a great Hart ſone he had ſlaine:
Take that childe he ſaid to the dinner,
and bring me mine arrow againe.
Now go we hence ſaid theſe iolly yeomen,
tarry we no longer here:
We ſhall him borrow by Gods grace,
though we buy it full déere.
To Carlile went theſe good yeomen,
in a merry morning of May:
Here is a fit of Cloudeſle,
and another is for to ſay.

AND when they came to merry Carlile,
in a faire morning tide:

They found the gates shut themselues,
round about on euery side.
Alas, then said good Adam Bell,
that euer we were made men:
These gates are shut so wonderous well,
that we may not come therein.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
with a wile we will vs in bring:
Let vs say we be messengers,
straight come from the King.
Adam said I haue a Letter, well
let vs wisely worke:
We will say we haue the Kings seale,
I hold the Porter no Clarke.
Then Adam Bell beate at the gate,
with strokes great and strong:
The Porter heard such a noise thereat,
and to the gates he throng.
Who is there said the Porter,
that maketh all this knocking?
We be two messengers said they then,
become right from our King.
We haue a Letter said Adam Bell,
to the Justice we must it bring:
Let vs in our message to do,
that we were againe to the King.
Here commeth none in said the Porter,
by him that dyed on a tree:
Till that a false theefe be hanged,
called William of Cloudesle.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
and swore by Mary free:
If that we stand long without,
like a theefe hanged shalt thou be.
Loe here we haue the Kings seale,

What Lurden art thou wood?
The Porter wéend it had béene so,
and lightly did of his hood.
Welcome is my Lords seale he said,
for that you shall come in:
He opened the gates full shortly,
an euill opening for him.
Now are we in said Adam Bell,
whereof we are right faine:
But Christ he knowes assuredly,
how we shall out againe.
Had we the keyes said Clim of the Clough,
right well then should we spéed:
Then might we come out well enough,
when we sée time and néede.
They called the Porter to counsell,
and wrung his necke in two:
And cast him in a déepe dungeon,
and tooke the keyes him fro.
Now am I Porter said Adam Bell,
sée brother the keyes we haue here:
The worst Porter in merry Carlile,
that came this hundred yeere.
Now we will our bowes bend,
into the towne will we goe:
For to deliuer our deare brother,
that lieth in care and woe.
Then they bent their good yew bowes,
and looked their strings were round.
The Market place in merry Carlile,
they beset in that stound.
And as they looked them beside,
a paire of new gallowes there they sée:
And the Iustice with a Quest of Squires,
that iudged William hanged to be.

And Cloudesle lay ready there in a Carte,
fast bound both fot and hand:
And a strong rope about his necke,
already for to hang.
The Justice said to him a lad,
Cloudesle cloathes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeoman,
and thereby to make him a grave.
I have seene as great maruell said Cloudesle,
as betweene this and prime:
He that maketh a graue for me,
himselfe may lye therein.
Thou speakest proudly said the Justice,
I will thee hang with my hand:
Full well heard this his brethren two,
there still as they did stand.
Then William cast his eye aside,
and saw his two brethren
At the corner of the market place wel prepared,
ready the Justice to chase.
I see comfort said Cloudesle,
yet hope I well to fare:
If I might have my hands let free,
right little might I care.
Then spake good Adam Bell,
to Clim of the Clough so free:
Brother see you marke the Justice well,
loe yonder you may him see.
At the Sheriffe shot I will,
strongly with an arrow keene:
A better shot in merry Carlile,
this seuen yeare was not seene.
They losed their arrowes both at once,
of no man they had dread:

The one hit the Justice, the other the Sheriffe
that both their sides gan bleed.
All men voyded that stood them nye,
when the Justice fell to the ground:
And the Sheriffe nye him by,
either had his deaths wound.
All the Cittizens fast gan flee,
they durst no longer abide:
There lightly they losed Cloudesle,
where he with ropes lay tyde.
William stept to an Officer of the Towne,
his axe out of his hand he wrung:
On each side he smote them downe,
him thought he tarryed all to long.
William said to his brethren two,
this day let vs live and dye:
If euer you haue need as I haue now,
the same shall you finde by me.
They shot so well that tide,
for their strings were of silke fine,
That they kept the Streets on euery side,
the battell did long endure.
They fought together like brethren true,
like hardy men and bold:
Many a man to the ground they threw,
and made many a heart cold.
But when their arrowes were all gone,
men preased on them full fast:
They drew their swords then anon,
and their bowes from them cast.
They went lightly on their way,
with swords and bucklers round:
By that it were mid of the day,
they made many a wound.
Many an out horne in Carlile was blowne,

and

and the Wels backward did ring:
Many a woman said alas,
and many their hands did wring.
The Maior of Carlile forth came was,
— and with him a full great rout:
These yeomen dread him full sore,
for of their lives they were in great doubt.
The Maior came armed a full great pace,
with a Pollax in his hand:
Many a strong man with him was,
within that stoure to stand.
The Maior smot at Cloudesle with his bill,
his buckler brast in two:
Full many a yeoman with great euill,
alas treason they cryed for woe.
Kepe we the gates fast they bad,
that these Traytors thereout not go:
But all for nought was that they wrought,
for so fast downe they were laid.
Till they all thre that so manfully fought,
were gotten out of a braid.
Haue here your keyes said Adam Bell,
my office here I forsake:
If you do by my counsell,
a new Porter do you make.
He threw the keyes at their heades,
and bad them euill to thriue:
And all that letteth any good yeoman,
to come and comfort his wife.
Thus be the good yeoman gone to the wood,
as lightly as leafe on linde:
They langh and be merry in their mode,
their enemies were farre behinde.
When they came to English wood,
vnder the trusty tre:

There they found bowes full good,
and arrowes great plenty.
So God me helpe said Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough so free:
I would we were in merry Carlile,
before that faire meany.
Then sat they downe and made good cheere,
and eate and dranke full well:
Here is a fit of these wight yeomen,
another I will you tell.

As they sat in English wood,
under their trusty tree:
They thought they heard a woman weepe,
but her they could not see.
Sore then sighed faire Alice,
that ever I saw this day:
For now is my deare husband slaine,
alas and welaway.
Might haue I spoke with his deare brethren,
or with either of them twaine:
To shew to them what him befell,
my heart were out of paine.
Cloudesle walkt a little aside,
and loked under the greene wood linde,
He saw his wife and children thre,
full woe in heart and minde.
Welcome wife then said William,
vnder this trusty tree:
I had weend yesterday by sweet S. John,
thou shouldst me neuer had se.
Now well is me (he said) that ye be here,
my heart is out of woe:
Dame be merry and glad,
and thanke my brethren two.

Hereof to speake said Adam Bell,
I wis it is no bote:
The meat that we must sup withall,
it resteth yet fast on fot.
Then went they downe into the lawnd,
these Noblemen all three:
Each of them slew a Hart of Grece,
the best they could there see.
Haue here the best Alice my wife,
said William of Cloudesle:
Because ye so boldly stod by me,
when I was staine full nye.
Then they went to supper,
with such meate as they had:
And thanked God for their fortune,
they were both merry and glad.
And when they had supped well,
certaine without any lease.
Cloudesle said we will to our King,
to get vs a charter of peace.
Alice shall be at our soiourning,
in a Nunry here beside:
My two sonnes shall with her go,
and there they shall abide.
My eldest sonne shall go with me,
for him I haue no care:
And he shall bring you word againe,
how that we do fare.
Thus be these good yeomen to London gon,
as fast as they may hye:
Till they came to the Kings pallace,
where they would nods be.
And when they came to the Kings Court,
vnto the pallace gate:
Of no man would they aske leaue,

but

but boldly went in therat.
They prouided present into the hall,
of no man they had dread:
The Porter came after, and did them call,
and with them gan to chide.
The Vsher said, yeomen what would you haue
I pray you tell to me?
You might make Officers shent,
good sirs from whence be ye?
Sir, we be out-lawes of the Forrest,
certaine without any lease:
And hither we become to the King,
to get vs a charter of peace.
And when they came before the King,
as it was the law of the land:
They knee'd downe without letting,
and each held vp his hand.
They said, Lord we beseech thee here,
that ye will grant vs grace:
For we haue slaine your fat fallow Deere,
in many a sundry place.
What be your names then said the King,
anon that you tell me:
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Be ye those theeues said the King,
that men haue told to me:
Here to God I make a vowe,
ye shall be hanged all three.
Ye shall be dead without mercy,
as I am King of this land:
He commanded his Officers euerychone,
fast on them to lay hand.
Therefore they toke these good yeomen,
and arrested them all three:

So may I thriue, said Adam Bell,
this game liketh not [illegible]
But good Lord we [illegible]
that ye will [illegible]
Insomuch as we do [illegible]
or else that [illegible]
With such [illegible]
till we be out of [illegible]
And if we liue this [illegible]
we will [illegible]
Ye speake proudly said [illegible]
ye shall be [illegible]
That were [illegible]
if any [illegible]
My Lord when I [illegible]
to be your [illegible]
The first boone that I [illegible]
you would [illegible]
And I asked ye [illegible]
there fore good Lord [illegible]
Now aske it Madam, said [illegible]
and granted shall it be.
Then good Lord I you [illegible]
these yeomen grant ye me.
Madam ye might haue asked [illegible]
that should haue [illegible] all [illegible]:
Ye might haue asked towers and towers,
Parks and Forrests plenty.
None so pleasant to my pay [illegible] said,
nor none so leefe to me.
Madam, sith it is your [illegible]
your asking granted shall be:
But I had leuer haue [illegible] you,
good Market towers [illegible]:
The Queene was a glad woman,

and said, Lord garmitte,
I dare vndertake for them,
that true men they shall be:
But good Lord speak some merry word,
that they [illegible].
I grant you grace then said the King,
wash fellowes and to meat go ye.
They had not sitten but a while,
certaine without leasing:
There came two messengers out of the North
with letters to our King.
And when they came before the King,
they knéeled downe vpon their knee:
And said your Officers gréete you well,
of Carlile in the North Country.
How fareth my Justice (said the King)
and my Sheriffe also:
Sir they be slaine without leasing,
and many an Officer moe.
Who hath them slaine, said the King,
anon that you tell me:
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesse.
Alas for ruth then said our King,
my heart is wondrous sore:
I had lever then a thousand pound,
I had knowne this before,
For I haue granted them grace,
and that forthinketh me:
But had I knowne all this before,
they had béene hanged all thrée,
The King opened the Letter anon,
himselfe he read it tho:
And there found how these outlawes had slaine,
thrée hundred men and moe.

First

Fyll the Iustice and the Sheriffe,
and the Maior of Carlile towne.
Of all the Constables and Catchpoles,
alyue were left not one.
The Bailiffes and the Beadles both,
and the Sergeants of the Law:
And forty Foresters of the fee,
these outlawes hane yslaw.
And broke his Parkes, and slaine his deere,
of all they chose the best:
So perillous outlawes as they were,
walked not by East nor West.
When the King this Letter had read,
in hart he sighed sore:
Take vp the Table then said he,
for I can eate no more.
The King then called his best Archers,
to the Butts with him to go:
I will see these fellowes shoote said he,
that in the North haue wrought this woe
The Kings Bowmen bukt them blith,
and the Queenes Archers also:
So did these wight yeomen,
with them they thought to goe.
There twice or thrice they shot about,
for to assay their hand:
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
that any prycke might stand.
Then spake William of Cloudesle,
by him that for me dyed:
I hold him neuer a good Archer,
that shooteth at Butts so wide.
Whereat then said the King,
I pray thee tell to me:
At such a But sir he said,

as men vse in my Country.
William went into the field,
and his two brethren with him,
There they set vp two hasell rods,
twenty score paces betweene.
I hold him an Archer, said *Cloudesle*,
that yonder wand cleaueth in two:
Here is none such, said the King,
for no man can so do.
I shall assay sir, said *Cloudesle*,
or that I further go:
Cloudesle with a bearing arrow,
cleaue the wand in two.
Thou art the best Archer, said the King,
forsoth that euer I see:
And yet for your sone, said William,
I will do more masterie.
I haue a sonne is seuen yeere old,
he is to me full deere:
I will tie him to a stake,
all shall se him that be here,
And lay an apple vpon his head,
and go fiftie score paces him fro:
And I my selfe with a broad arrow,
shall cleaue the Apple in two.
Now hast thee then (said the King)
by him that dyed on a tree:
But if thou do not as thou hast said,
hanged shalt thou be.
And thou touch his head or gowne,
in sight that man may see:
By all the Saints that be in heauen,
I shall you hang all three.
That I haue promised said William,
I neuer will forsake:

and

And there euen before the King,
in the earth he drone a stake.
And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
and bad him stand still thereat:
And turned the childs face him fro,
because he should not start.
An Apple vpon his head he set,
and then his bow he bent:
Fiue score paces ther were met,
and thither Cloudesle went.
There he drew out a fine broad arrow,
his bow was great and long:
He set that arrow in his bow,
that was both stiffe and strong.
He prayed the people that were there,
that they wold stil stand:
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
had need a steddy hand.
Much people prayed for Cloudesle,
that his life saued might be:
And when he made him ready to shoot,
there was many a weeping eye.
Thus Cloudesle clane the Apple in two,
as many a man might see:
Now God forbid then said the King,
that thou shouldst shote at me.
I giue the xviii. pence a day,
and my bow shalt thou bere:
And ouer all the North Country,
I make the chiefe Rider
And Ile giue the viii. pence a day, said the Queene,
by God, and by my fay.
Come fetch thy paiment when thou wilt,
no man shall say the nay.
William, I make the a Gentleman,

of clothing and of fee:
And thy two brethren yeomen of my Chamber,
for they are lovely to see.
Your sonne for he is tender of age,
of my Wine seller he shall be:
And when he comes to mans estate,
better preferred shall he be.
And William bring me your wife, said the K.
I long full sore to see:
She shall be my chiefe Gentle woman,
to governe my Nurserie.
The yeomen thanked them full curteously
and said to some Bishop we will wend,
Of all the sinnes that we have done,
to be assoyled at his hand.
So forth be gone these good yeomen,
as fast as they can hie:
And after came and lived with the King,
and died good yeomen all three.
Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternall bliesse:
And all that with hand bow shooteth,
that of heaven may never misse.

FINIS.

Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and young William of Cloudesley.

The Second Part.

Adam Bell. Young William. Clim of the Clough.

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BIBLIOTECA ROMANA

Adam Bell.

Lit Northerne Ladds to blither things
then yet were brought to light:
Performed by our countrymen,
in mickle fray and fight.
Of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesly.
Who were in fauour with the King
for all their misery:
Young William of the wine seller,
when yeoman he was made,
Can follow then his fathers steps,
hee loued a bonny maide:
Gods crosse quoth William if I misse,
and may not of her speed:
Ile make a thousand Northerne hearts,
for very woe to bleed:
Gone is hee a wooing now,
our Lady well him guide:
To merry Mansfield were I trow,
a time he will abide:
Soone ope the doore faire Cisly bright,
I come with all the haste:
I come a woing thee for loue,
here am I come at last:
I know you not quoth Cisley then
from whence that yee bee come,
By loue you may not haue I trow:
I vow by this faire sunne,
For why my loue is first so sure,

Upon another wight,
I sweare by sweete S. Anne Ile neuer,
abuse him out of sight:
This night I hope to see my loue,
in all his pride and glee:
If there were thousands, none but him,
my heart would ioy to see.
Gods curse vpon him young William said,
before me that hath sped:
A foule ill on the carrion Nurse,
that first did bind his head.
Can William tho for to prepare,
a medicine for that chaffe,
His life (quoth he) full hard may fare,
hees best to keepe alaffe.
He drew then out his bright brown sword,
which was so bright and keene,
A stouter man and hardier,
nere handled sword I weene.
Browne tempered strong, & worthy blade,
vnto thy Maister show,
If now to tryall thou be put,
how canst thou bide a blow.
Young William to an Oake gan hie,
which was in compasse round,
Well sir and fifty inches nie,
and feld it to the ground.
So may he fare quoth William then,
that for her loue hath laid:
Which I haue loued, and nere did know,
him suter till that maide.
And now deare father stout and strong,
William of Cloudesley:
How happy were thy troubled Sonne,
if here I mot thee see.

And thy two brethren Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough
Against a thousand men and more,
we foure would be enough.
Growne it is full foure a clocke,
and night will come belyue:
Come on thou Lurden Cillies loue,
this night must I thee shrine.
Prepare thée strong thou fow blacke Cauke,
what ere thou be I weene,
Ile giue thy corcombe saick a gird,
in Barnsfield as neuer was séene.
William a young Fawne had slaine,
in Sher-wood merry Forrest.
A fairer Fawne for mans repast,
in Sher-wood was neuer drest,
He hied then til a Northerne Lasse,
not halfe a mile he fro:
He said dop dooze thou good old Nurse,
that in to thée I goe.
I faint with being in the wood,
lo heere I haue a kid:
Which I haue slaine for thée and I,
come dresse it then I bid.
Fetch bread and other iolly fare,
whereof thou hast some stoze:
A blither guest this hundred yeare,
came neuer heere before.
The good old Nant gan hie apace,
to let young William in,
A happy Nurse quoth William then,
as can be lightly seene.
Wend til that house hard by quoth he,
thats made of lime and stone,
Where is a lasse faire Cisse he said:

I lone her as mine owne,
if thou canſt fetch her vnto me:
That we may merry be,
I make a vow in the Forreſt,
Of Deare thou ſhalt haue three,
Reſt then faire ſir the woman ſaid,
I ſweare by good Saint Iohn,
I will bring to you that ſame maid,
full quickly and anon:
Meane time quoth William Ile be Cooke
and ſee the Feaſt well dreſt:
A ſtouter cooke did neuer come,
within the faire forreſt.
Thick blith old laſſe hath wit enow,
for to declare his mind,
So fall ſhe rids and there did ſtay,
but left William behind,
Where William like a nimble cooke,
is dreſſing of the fare,
And for this damſell doth he looke,
I would that ſhe were here.
God ſpeed blith Sille, quoth that old laſſe,
God bleſſ you quoth Cilley againe,
How done you Nant Ione ſhe ſaid,
tell me it I am faine,
The good old Ioane ſaid wele ſhe was,
and comm'n in an arrand to you:
For you muſt to my cottage goe,
full quick I tell you true,
Where we full merry meane to be,
all with my elder ſon.
When Cilly heard of it truely,
ſhe was exceeding glad,
Gods curſe light on me quoth Cilley then,
if with you I doe not hie.

I neuer ioyed more forsooth,
then in your company:
Happy the good wife thought her selfe,
that her purpose he had of sped,
And home with Cisley she doth come,
so kindly by her led.
And comming in her William sone,
had made ready his fayre:
The good old wife did wonder much,
so sone as she came there:
Cisley to William now is come,
God send her mickle glée,
Yet was she in amaze God wot,
when she saw it was hée.
Had I béene ware good sir she said,
of that it had béene you,
I would haue stayd at home in soth,
I tell you very true:
Faire Cisley then said William kinde,
mistéeme thou not of mee,
I sent not for thee to the end,
to doe the iniury.
Sit downe that wée may talke awhile,
and eate of all the best,
And fattest kid that euer was slaine,
in merry Sherwood Forrest:
His louing words wan Cisley then,
to keepe with him a while:
But in the meane time Cisleies loue,
much doubted this her Guile:
A stout and sturdy man he was,
of quality and kind,
And knowne through al the North-country
to beare a valiant minde.
But what quoth William doe I care,

If that he meanes to weare,
First let him winne, els never shall,
he haue the maid I sweare:
Full softly is her louer come,
and knocked at the doore.
Where when he mist of Cisly then,
with wrath he stampt and swore:
A mischiefe on his heart quoth he,
that hath enlurd the maid:
To be with him in company,
he card not what he said.
He was then so with anger mou'd,
he sware a well great oath:
Deere should he pay if I him knew,
forsooth and by my troth.
Gone he is to find her out,
not knowing where she is:
Still wandring in the weary wood,
his true loue he doth misse.
William purchast hath the game,
which he doth meane to hold:
Come rescue her he now that can,
if he dare be so bold:
At length when he had wandred long,
about the Forrest wide:
A candle light a furlong off,
full quickly he espied:
Then to the house he hied him fast,
where quickly he gan heare
The voyce of his owne deare true loue,
a making bonny cheere:
Then gan he say to Cisley faire,
O Cisley come away.
I haue beene wandring thee to find,
since shutting in of day.

Who

Who cals faire Cisse quoth William then,
what carle dares be so bould:
Once to aduenture to her to speake,
whom I haue now in hold.
List the fair sir quoth Cisslies loue,
let soone her from you part:
For all your Lordly words I sweare,
ile haue her or make you smart.
Young William to his bright brown sword
gan quickly then to take,
Because thou so dost challeng me,
ile make thy kingdome quake.
Betake the to thy weapon strong,
faire time I giue to thee.
And for my loue, as well as thine,
a combate straight shall bee.
Neuer let Sunne, quoth Cisslies loue,
shine more vpon my head,
If I doe flie, by heauen aboue,
wert thou a gyant bred.
To bilbo blade gat William then,
and buckler stiffe and strong:
A stout battaile then they fought,
well nigh two houres long.
Where many a grieuous wound was giuen
to each on either part,
Till both the Champions then were droue,
almost quite out of heart.
Pittious meane faire Cisley made,
that all the Forrest rong:
The grieuous strikes made such a noise,
she had so shrill a tongue.
At last came in the Keepers three,
with bowes and arrowes keene,
Where they let fly among these two,

an hundred as I weene.
William ſtout and ſtrong in heart,
when he had them eſpied:
Set on courage for his part.
vnto the keepers hyed
The chiefe ranger of the woods,
that firſt did William ſmite,
Had at one blow his head ſmote off,
fro off his ſhoulders quite.
And being in ſo furious teene,
about him ſo he laid.
He ſlew immediately the wight,
was ſuter to the Maide.
Great mone was then there made,
the like was never heard:
Which made the people all a round,
to cry they were ſo feard.
Arme arme, the countrey cried,
for Gods loue quickley hie,
Never was ſuch a ſlaughter ſeene,
in all the North countrey.
Young William, though wounded ſore,
continued ſtill his fight:
Till he had ſlaine them all foure,
that very Winters night:
All the countrey then was raiſd,
the Traytor for to invade:
That for the loue of Cliſley fayre,
had all this ſlaughter made.
To the woods hee William then,
twas beſt of all his play:
Where in a Caue with Cliſley fayre,
he liued many a day:
Proclamation then was ſent,
through all the countrey rounde

The

The Lord of Mansfield was the man,
that first the traitor found:
So to the Court these tidings came,
where all men did bewaile,
The young and lusty William thus,
which so had made them quaile:
This heard good William Cloudesley,
and lusty Adam Bell,
And famous Clim of the Clough,
which three then did excell.
To the King they hyed themfast,
full quickly and anon,
Mercy I pray quoth old William,
for young William my sonne:
No mercy Traitors quoth the King,
hangd shall ye be all foure:
Under my nose this plot you lad,
to bring to passe before:
Insooth bespake then Adam Bell,
ill signe your grace hath seene:
Of any such commotion,
since with you we haue beene,
If then we can no mercy haue,
but leese both life and goods,
Of your good grace I take my leaue,
and hie thée to the wood.
Arme, arme then quoth the King,
my merry men euery one:
Full fast againe these rebells now,
vnto the woods are gone:
A we is vs what shall we doe,
or which way shall we worke,
To hunt them forth out of the woods,
where as so ere they lurke.
List you quoth a counsellor graue,

a right wise man he seemd,
I craue your pardon for those wrongs,
you haue so falsly deemed:
Gods forbod quoth the King,
I neuer it will doe:
For they shall hang each mothers sonne,
faire sir I tell you true,
Fifty thousand men were charged,
for to make after straight,
Some of them let in sundry townes,
in companies did waite.
To the woods gan some to goe,
all men both good and stout:
And them perforce they thought to take
if they might find them out:
To the woods still as they came,
dispatched still they were,
Which made full many a trembling heart,
and many a man in feare.
Still the outlawes Adam Bell,
and Clim of the Clough,
Made iolly cheere with venison,
strong drinke and wine enough,
Christ me blesse then said our King,
such men were neuer knowne:
They are the stoutest hearted men,
that manhood euer showne,
Come my Secretary good,
and cause to be declared:
A generall pardon to them all,
their lines I will haue spared.
Liuing plenty shall they haue,
of gold and eke of fee,
If they will as they did before:
come liue in court with me.

Sodenly

Sodenly went forth the newes,
declared by trumpets sound:
Whereof these three were well aduisd,
in caues full deepe in ground,
But list you sirs quoth William young,
I dare not trust the King:
It is some fetch is in his head,
whereby to bring vs in.
So stay you heere and first let me,
a messenger be sent:
Unto the Court where I may know,
his Maiesties intent.
This pleased Adam Bell,
so may we liue in peace:
We are at his most high commaund,
and neuer will we cease.
But if that still we shall be vrged,
and called by traitrons name:
And threatned hanging for euery thing,
his Highnes is too blame.
Were had his grace more subiects true,
and sturdier men then we,
Which are at his highnes will
God send him well to be.
So to the Court is young William gone,
to parley with the King,
Which all men to the Kings presence,
did streue him for to bring,
When he before the King was come,
he kneeled downe full low:
And shewed quickly to the King,
what duty they did owe.
In such delightfull order blith,
the King was quickly won,
To comfort them in their request.

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as he before had done.
Fetch bread and drinke then said his grace,
and meat all of the best:
And stay all night heere at the court,
and soundly take thy rest.
Gramercies to your grace said William,
for pardon granted I see:
For signe thereof heere take my seale,
so certaine shall it be.
Gods curse upon me said William,
for my part if I meane:
Euer againe to stir up strife,
it neuer shall be seene:
The nobles all to William came,
he was so stout and trim:
And all the Ladies for very ioy,
did come to welcome him.
Faire Cisley now I haue to wife,
in field I haue her won:
Bring her here for Gods loue said they all,
full welcome shall she be.
Forth againe went William back,
to wood that he did hie,
And to his Father there he shew'd,
the King his pardon free:
Health to his grace quoth Adam Bell,
I beg it on my knee,
The like said Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesley:
To the Court they all prepare,
euen as fast as they can hie.
Where graciously they were receiu'd,
with mirth and merry glee.
Cisley faire is wond alone,
upon a gelding faire.

A properer Damsel neuer came,
in any courtly ayre:
Welcome Cisley said the Queene,
a Lady I thee make:
To waite vppon my owne person,
in all my chiefest state.
So quickly was this matter done,
which was so hardly doubted,
That all contentions after that,
from court were quickly rowted:
Fauourable was the King,
so god they did him finde,
They neuer after sought againe,
to ber his royall mind.
Long time they lined in Court,
so neere vnto the King:
That neuer after was attempt,
offred for any thing.
God aboue giue all men grace,
in quiet for to line:
And not rebellionsly abroad,
their Princes for to grieue.
Let not the hope of pardon moue,
a subiect to attempt:
His soueraignes anger or his loue,
from him for to exempt.
But that all men may ready be,
with all their maine and might:
To serue the Lord and loue the King,
in honour day and night.
Thus lin'd these Northerne Yeomen long,
in fauour with the King:
Where no complaints of trespalle done,
could any leedge man bring:
For all the court was full of sports,

of mirth and merryglee:
And to these foure blith Northerne Lads,
none well compard might bee:
For Adam Bell Clim of the Clough,
and the two Williams in Court:
Won all the favour in those dayes,
and had the best report.
And who but them for archers brave,
and drawing of strong bowes:
Within the Court for manhood thus,
to greater credit growes.
Which spighted much a Barron bold,
that dwelt in Mansfield towne:
Who came to Court with bow and shafts,
to win himselfe renowne.
He was a man of lusty strength,
well limbd in every part:
And had according to his might,
a stout and valiant heart:
This Barron bould vnto the King,
in person now is come:
Whose welcome was for manhoods sake,
proclaimd with fife and drum.
That whosoere could draw his bow,
of sturdy good red Ewe:
Should prove himselfe before his grace,
to be an Archer true.
And for reward should have him given,
much wealth and golden fee.
And rie in favour with the King,
should allwayes after be.
The time and place appointed was,
for this their manly tryall.
Where many a lusty ponker there,
did seeme to make denyall.

At

At laſt twelue hardy Knights there weare,
attendant on his grace:
Of mickle might before them all,
came forth in open place:
And one by one did ſtriue to draw,
the bonny Barrons bow:
But not two inches from the ſtand,
it ſeem'd to moue in ſhow.
Thus left they all the prizes there,
the King propoſed downe:
The which the Barron well might claime
that came from Mansfield towne.
Now ſtay my liedge quoth Adam Bell,
though we be ſtiffe and old:
Yet will we try our manhoods all,
againſt this Barron bold.
Then who begins then ſaid the King,
let that awarded be:
For diſcords riſe in ſuch attempts,
full oftentimes I ſee.
And he that thus for credit ſeekes,
deſireth to be firſt:
And many times much forwardnes,
aduentures for the worſt.
Therefore by lots he ſhall be choſen,
who firſt of all ſhall try,
The reſt as willing to the taſke,
by order ſhall ſtand by.
The King himſelfe thus made the lots,
to which they all agreed:
And being caſt, old Williams ſonne
was to the ſame decreed.
Now beare thy fathers heart my boy,
ſaid William of Cloudeſley then:
When I was young I card not for

the brags of stoutest men.
The Pinder of Wakefield George a grein
I tryd a Sommers day:
Yet he nor I were victors made,
nor victor'd went away.
Old Robin hood, nor little John,
amongst their merry men all:
Nor Fryer Tuck so stout and young,
my courage could appall.
Then wend thee forth my bonny lad,
and se what thou canst doe:
To draw the Barron of Hansfields bow,
full strong enough for two:
Soone stepped forth young William then,
his manhood to maintaine:
Who thought himselfe as lusty a Lad,
as went on Northerne plaine.
And comming to the Barrons Bow,
well bended with two strings:
Beyond his eare an inch and more,
most nimbly he it brings:
And therewithall in pieces small,
the bow in sunder burst:
At which the Barron all in rage,
and diuilish manner curst.
For he was huge and big of Limbes,
and monster-like in shape:
And few there was that hand to hand,
his danger could escape.
Now thanks young William said the King
for this thy mickle might:
In guerdon for this noble deed,
Ile make thee heere my knight.
To beare my standard to the field,
and wait vpon my table;

For

For in my kingdome doe I know,
but few that are so able:
Yet Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
with old William of Cloudesley:
Are all good yeomen brave and bold,
as any ith land can be.
Butnow young William is gone to rest,
where Cisley did abide:
Expecting long with gentle lookes,
what would of him betide.
Whereas in bed they had not laine,
till breake of morninges peepe:
Ere that the Barron boldly came,
to break them of their sleepe.
(Who said) arise young coward boy,
prepare thée for the field:
Before the Euening clouds approch,
Ile make thée stoope and yeeld.
And for these late disgraces done,
before the king to me:
By manly force vpon thy head,
reuenged will I be.
Now let Gods blessing leaue my soule,
quoth William if I not go:
To open field euen hand to hand.
to bandy blow for blow.
So vp gets William in the morne,
and Cisley doth forsake:
Whilst she most like a louing wife,
for him her prayers make.
In field they meet but cowardlike
the Barron him betrayes:
Where ten to one he basely brings,
in armours bright arrayes.
And so being mastred more by force,

then any manly might,
Young William he takes prisoner,
and beares him thence by night:
Faire Cisley missing him ere long,
made thus her heavy mone:
I doubt good Adam Bell (quoth she)
my true love William is gone.
And by the Barron of Mansfield borne,
I know not to to what place:
If it be so quoth Adam Bell,
wee'le quit this great disgrace.
To William of Cloudesley soone went he,
and to bold Clim of the Clough:
To Armes brave Yeomen to armes I say,
for we have reason enough.
Knight William is borne by treason hence
as Cisley now makes knowne:
And by the Barrons accursed guile,
is basely overthrowne:
Thus armed all with bowes of Ewe.
and with the gray-goose wing
They followd him fast to merry Sherwood
him back from thence to bring:
And Cisley in their company,
attired like a Page,
In kendall grene most fresh and faire,
befitting to her age.
No sooner past the flowing Trent,
that runs by Sherwood side:
But they herd newes where William then
in bondage did abide.
And how his lusty armes and legges,
in hempen coards lay bound:
Within a Caue full deepe in earth,
which hardly could be found.

Quoth

Quoth Cisley straight my taske is this,
to find knight William forth:
So into Beggers weeds she chang'd,
hir clothes of richer worth.
And all along the Forrest goes,
till she the Barron spied:
Of whom she poorely cran'd an almes,
which could not be denyed.
For she was pleasant faire and young,
and lovely in his sight:
And onely in her countenance,
was all his hearts delight.
So intertainment she procurd,
by this her quick consent:
And by that meanes knew where her love,
remain'd in bondage great.
A bugle horne faire Cisley had,
which William lately had worne:
About her then in secret sort,
it cunningly was borne.
With which as time befitted best,
she winded for her friends:
William of Cloudesley and the rest,
that fast to her ward bends.
And comming by the sound thereof,
whereas Knight William stayd:
To armes they cryed now is the time,
that must not be delaid.
Then flew apace the graygoose wing,
amongst the Barrons rout:
Which flew full swiftly too and fro,
the Forrest round about.
But Adam Bell with Clim of the Clough
and William of Cloudesley:
Was such good Archers every one,

that better could not be.
And by that meanes and skill withall,
their shafts still flew so right:
That all the Warrens rout full soone,
betooke them selues to flight.
And he himselfe possest with feare,
fell humbly on his knées:
To beg for fauour and for life:
which when faire Cisley sées:
I am quoth she no Wegger now,
as thou me dèemst of late:
But thus am forst to be the iudge,
of thy deserued fate.
Knight William here whom thou retainst
doth claime me for his wife:
And I in pages clothing thus,
haue happily sau'd his life.
Thus boldly went those yeomen three,
with Cisley hand in hand:
Vnto the Caue where William lay,
at mercy and command,
Who when he saw his true loue come,
in Pages trim attire:
His father and his friends likewise,
his heart was so on fire,
That presently with kind imbrace,
he bad them welcome thither:
Where after many a gentle speech,
they went all fine together.
But in regard the Barron thus,
had him by falshood wrongd:
They gaue the traitor by consent,
what vnto him belongd.
For in the midst of Sher-wood there,
they framd a gallow tree:

On

On which they hang'd the Barron by,
example thus to be.
For all that falſifie their wordes,
in deeds of mickle might:
And thus theſe bonny Archers there,
gaue him deſerued right.
Now are theſe yeomen gone to court,
before the courteous King:
To tell his highnes all the truth,
and order of each thing.
Which when he herd he gaue them thanks
but chiefly Cilley faire:
Who for her husbands life and loue:
ſuch dangers would not ſpare.
And as young William knighted was,
euen ſo were all the reſt:
And after entertained well,
with many a ſumptuous feaſt.
Now Bowes and Billes were laid aſide,
and changd to courtly dances:
Where none like Cilley in eſtate,
ſo braue her ſelfe aduances.
Ould William he well growne in yeares
betooke himſelfe to reſt:
Yong William in his youthfull blood,
behau'd him with the beſt.
Old Adam Bell and aged Clim,
by time made reuerent now:
Began vnto declining age,
in gentlenes to bow.
And ſo as time and age grew on,
to nature did ſubmit:
Thus death you ſee will neuer yeeld,
to neither ſtrength nor wit.
Old William dyes and buried was,

in

in Carlel as I heare,
And Adam Bell close by his side,
as Records doe appeare, (William,
Clim of the Clough, with young Knight
and his beloued faire:
Néere vnto these their bonny friends,
they likewise buried were:
O're whom the King erected vp,
a tombe of Marble stone:
Though now by ruines of old time,
it is consum'd and gone.
Yet thus in prayses will I speake,
of all these Archers bold:
They haue deserud for manlines,
to lye in tombes of gold.
And to conclude their soules we hope,
in quiet sleepes remaine:
Till doomes day Trumpets call them vp,
from forth their graues againe.

FINIS.